My dear Dilke,

Since I saw you I have been gradually, so gradually perhaps, improving; and though under an interdict with respect to animal food, living upon pseudo victuals, Brown says I have pick'd up a little flesh lately. If I can keep off inflammation for the next six weeks I trust I shall do very well. You certainly should have been at Martin's dinner for making an index is surely as dull work as engraving. Have you heard that the Bookseller is going to the himself himself to the manger eat or not as he pleases? He says Rice shall have his foot on the fender notes his landing. Reynolds is going to sail on the salt seas. Brown has been wickedly prospering with his Hogarth. A damn'd melancholy picture it is, and during the first week of my illness it gave me a psalm singing nightmare, that made me almost faint away in my sleep. I know I am better, for I can bear the Picture

I have experienced a specimen of great politeness from Mr. Barry Cornwall. He has sent me his books. Some time ago he had given his first published book to Hunt for me; Hunt forgot to give it and Barry Cornwall thinking I had received it must have thought me very neglectful fellow. Now Mulang he sent me his second book and on my explaining that I had not received his first he sent me that also. I am sorry to see by Mrs D's note that she has been so unwell with the spasms. Does she continue the Medicines that benefited her so much? I am afraid not. Remember me to her and say I shall not expect her at Hampstead next week unless the Weather changes for the warmer. It is better to run no chance of a supernumery cold in March. As for you you must come. You must improve in your penmanship; your writing is like the

speaking of a child of three years old, very understandable to its father but to no one else. The worst is it looks well - no that is not the worst - the worst is, it is worse than Bailey's. Bailey's looks illegible and may perchance be read; yours looks very legible and may perchance not be read - I would endeavour to give you a fac simile of your word Hittlewood if I were not minded on the instant that Lord Chesterfield has done some such thing to his Son. Now I would not bathe in the same River with Lord C. though I had the upper hand of the stream. I am grieved that in writing and speaking it is necessary to make use of the same particles as he did. Cobbet is expected to come in. O that I had two double plumpers for him. The ministry are not so inimical to him but they would like to put him out of Coventry. Casting my eye on the other side I see a long word written in a most vile manner, unbecoming

No - my sweet Fanny - I am wrong. I do not want you to be unhappy — and yet I do, I must while there is so sweet a Beauty — my Love — my darling! Good bye! I kiss you — O the torments!